ADELAIDE AND ANTONINE:

OR

THE EMIGRANTS:

A TALE,

BY MARY JULIA YOUNG.

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ADELAIDE AND ANTONINE.

IN early youth the lovers met,
Fair Adelaide and Antonine—
Playful they pluck the fragrant flow'rs,
And garlands for each other twine.

They ſing—they laugh the hours away—
Their ſports—their ſongs—their thoughts the ſame—
Love hovers o'er the beauteous pair
And fans the newly kindled flame.

While hand in hand they fondly ſtray,
If rugged paths their ſteps retard,
His arms ſuſtain the lovely maid—
A tender kiſs his ſweet reward.

They *live* but in each others ſight—
More ardent ſtill their paſſion grew,
While they beheld the brighteſt charms,
Expanding daily to their view.

The youth in manly ſports excels—
Skilful can wield the ſword and lance—
Attune to harmony the lyre,
And win the prize for ſong and dance.

Nor leſs was Adelaide admir'd—
Adorn'd with ev'ry female grace—
With ev'ry beauty of the mind,
That animates the form and face,

Nature had bleſs'd this matchleſs pair
Above the neighb'ring nymphs and ſwains,
Equal in beauty—virtue—truth—
They ſhone the pride of Norman plains.

But ah!—A ſudden ſtorm aroſe,
That ruin'd Gallia's regal ſtate!
King—princes—peers—were doom'd to feel
A cruel, ſad reverſe of fate!

Louis!

Louis!—before whoſe ſplendid throne,
The moſt obſequious ſubjects bow'd,
Now—groan'd within a priſon's walls,
No trace of royalty allow'd!

His brothers—who had timely fled—
Call'd forth the brave to aid his cauſe—
And ſome—Alas too few!—were found
True to their *King* and *ancient laws.*

With ardor fir'd—Brave Antonine
A band of loyal Normans led,
Eager to join the martial train,
Eager the paths of fame to tread.

From ſavage hands to wreſt the ſword,
Who ſheath'd the point in beauty's breaſt,
Or—with her holy vot'ries blood,
Stain'd pure religion's ſacred veſt.

Trembling—fair Adelaide beheld
Her Antonine in arms appear—
She ſtrove—to check the riſing ſigh—
She ſtrove—to hide the guſhing tear.

He too endeavor'd to repreſs
The conflict in his manly heart—
He came, to bid the maid adieu—
And felt .... how hard it was to part.

Silent he claſp'd her to his breaſt,
He kiſs'd the pearly drops away.——
Then—ruſhing 'midſt the warlike band
Made *love* ſubmit to *honor*'s ſway.

Call'd by the trumpet's martial ſound,
He dauntleſs ſeeks the ſanguine field——
With ardent hopes—his untried lance
Will make imperious rebels yield.

Rous'd from a lethargy of grief,
Poor Adelaide half frantic cries,
" Alas my Antonine is gone!
" From ME to ev'ry danger flies!

" Protect him Heav'n! and give me ſtrength,
" This firſt—this poignant pang to bear;
" Alas! till now—HE ſooth'd my woes,
" His kiſſes ſtopt the flowing tear.

" When

" When—on thy banks, majeſtic Seine,
" In dreary ſolitude I ſtray;
" The tears that ſwell thy paſſing wave
" Swift to my abſent love convey.

" And in thy progreſs, ſhouldſt thou meet
" A bark, whoſe womb contains his foes,
" Open thy rimpel'd boſom wide,
" And o'er the treach'rous veſſel cloſe.

" Ye winds too—bear my ardent ſighs
" To where the daring rebels fight;
" Then—in wild eddies whirl between,
" And waft my lover from their ſight.

" For ME he form'd that ſplendid grot,
" For ME he form'd that fragrant bow'r;
" O when!—O ſhall I ever THERE!
" Enjoy with HIM the bliſsful hour!

" Ah no!—Ah no!—I fear e'er long
" Theſe eyes ſhall ſee a lawleſs band
" Diſtain with gore theſe beauteous ſcenes,
" And deſolate our hapleſs land."——

Deſpair—thus hung a ſable cloud
O'er all her proſpect of delight;
Her Antonine was far away,
And life's gay ſun-ſhine ſet in night.

Hours—days—and months—crept ſlowly on,
Mark'd only by ſome fatal deed;
Rapine and murder join their force,
And doom the Royaliſts to bleed!

In heaps the unarm'd victims fall,
And deluge Gallia with their blood;
While ANARCHY deſpotic reigns,
Exulting in the crimſon flood.

Modeſty hides her bluſhing head,
Humanity diſguſted flies!
Strip'd—mangled— by a ſavage crew,
A ROYAL FEMALE * naked lies!

Though her pale corſe by furious hands,
Expos'd to vulgar gaze was flung;
Around her head in triumph borne,
A VAIL of beauteous treſſes hung.

O! dire

* Princeſs Lamballe.

O! dire disgrace of polish'd times!
Fierce hell hounds from their caverns burst;
Ne'er foster'd at a woman's breast,
Ne'er with maternal fondness nurst.

The fiends prevail'd, loose o'er the land
With sanguinary rage they flew;
While Reason--Manhood---Wisdom--Pow'r---
Un-nerv'd--the dreadful havoc view.

They seek the Sire of Adelaide!
Himself--his wealth---their destin'd prey;
Already they surround his gate!
Within---is terror and dismay!

Wife---Daughter --servants---round him weep,
By all belov'd---by all rever'd;
In speechless agony he stood,
And tumult's dreadful clamour heard.

They hear the loud resounding blows,
They hear the bursting bars give way;
Swiftly they seek the winding grot,
And a SHORT TIME their fate delay.

O'er Seine, that waſh'd the ſparry edge,
They wildly gaze, in ſad deſpair,
And far, far off, a veſſel ſaw,
Whoſe canvas pinions cut the air.

A long-boat NEARER they beheld,
Hope fill'd the breaſt of Adelaide!
In haſte her ſnowy robe ſhe rent,
And wide the waving flag diſplay'd.

The ſignal caught the rowers eyes,
Eager they ply the ſplaſhing oar;
But Ah! the ſavage train appear,
Deluſive hope can charm no more.

Now, round her Sire the duteous maid
In agonizing terror clung;
Now, ſhrieking, o'er the river's brink,
In fearleſs attitude ſhe hung.

The boat-men ſaw her wild diſtreſs,
And one, who long impatient ſtood;
Now, wav'd his glitt'ring ſword on high,
And plung'd beneath the foaming flood.

Alon,

Alone,—he ſtems the adverſe waves;
Alone,—he leaps the pebbly ſtrand;
Half breathleſs ruſhes on the foe,
And ſcatters death on either hand.

A wretch had ſeiz'd on Adelaide!
Round his vile hand her treſſes twin'd;
And aim'd his ſabre at her breaſt,
Where ev'ry excellence combin'd.

Her ſcreams re-eccho from the grot,
The brave youth to her reſcue flew,
Free'd the fair trembler from her foe,
And at her feet the monſter ſlew.

His lips to her's he fondly preſs'd,
He calls her with a voice divine;
Her fainting ſoul returns to bliſs,
She hears—ſhe ſees—her Antonine!

" O fly, my Love! my Father ſave!
" Make him" ſhe cries " alone thy care;
" Preſerve him from a ruffian's ſword,
" Preſerve my Mother from deſpair."

" He lives—he lives"—the youth replies,
" And not a moment muſt be loſt;
" The wind—the tide now both conſpire
" To waft us from this dang'rous coaſt."

The Sire, who like a lion fought,
Surrounded by his faithful few,
Scarce kept the cruel ſpoilers off,
Till aided by the valiant crew.

The fierce banditti ruſh on death,
Unable to return the fire;
Numbers before the bullets fell,
The reſt—in ſullen rage retire.

Safe to the boat the gallant youth,
His Adelaide triumphant bore;
Parents—domeſtics—valiant friends
Un-wounded quit the hoſtile ſhore.

The grateful Sire enraptur'd cries,
" What guardian angel brought you here,
" My Antonine, my glorious boy,
" To reſcue all my ſoul holds dear.

" O bleſt

" O bleſt eſcape!—Thou didſt not know
" The ſtrict Convention's dire command—
" An emigrant—muſt ſuffer DEATH,
" Returning to his native land!"

" Too well"—the ardent youth replies—
" Too well I know the ſtern decree!
" But—O, my father, what is life!
" When torn from Adelaide and thee!

" You never with a rigid frown
" Check'd the pure progreſs of our love;
" You help'd to deck my youthful mind
" With ALL that honor could approve.

" Nor has your Antonine diſgrac'd
" By cowardice his loyal name—
" Bravely himſelf and comrades fought,
" 'Till ſickneſs led by famine came.

" THEY—from our brows the laurels rend,
" Snatch from our nerveleſs hands the ſpear;
" The princes—FORCE to diſtant climes,
" For refuge fate denies them HERE.

An

" An Emigrant of noble birth,
" Whoſe life the rebel army ſought,
" Was once ſurrounded by the foe,
" And long with matchleſs bravery fought.

" Th' unequal combat I beheld,
" I flew the dauntleſs youth to ſave;
" Turn'd the aſſaſſin's ſpear aſide,
" And ſnatch'd a HERO from the grave!

" His friends like MINE to England fled,
" When firſt the Gallic woes began,
" E'er maſſacres the nation ſtain'd,
" Diſgraceful to the ſoul of man.

" We to that land of refuge ſail'd,
" His parents with extatic joy
" Once more behold their only child,
" And claſp by turns the darling boy!

" The Sire—whoſe gen'rous ſoul o'erflows,
" Bids FORTUNE * recompence my deed;
" SHE—knowing well the worth I ſav'd,
" Gives—what my flatt'ring hopes exceed.

" Gives—from her wheel the higheſt PRIZE—
" I take it with a grateful heart,
" For now—my Life—my Adelaide—
" We never—NEVER MORE will part.

* He preſented the Preſerver of his Son, a lottery ticket, invoking FORTUNE to give it ſucceſs.

Ah!

" Ah! what, my charmer—what is wealth?
" Unleſs You deign that wealth to ſhare;
" And let me to Britannia's iſle
" My richeſt—deareſt treaſure bear.

" There—Liberty's expanding tree
" Its lofty head majeſtic rears—
" There—ROOTED in its NATIVE ſoil,
" A vernal bloom for ever wears!

" Luxuriant plenty round it ſmiles,
" There—Ceres plants her golden ſtore;
" Full crops reward the reaper's toil,
" Who—BLEST WITH PLENTY ASK NO MORE.

" Pure health and peace adorn his cot,
" He ENVIES not the RICH and GREAT;
" Enjoys tha TRUEST RIGHTS OF MAN,
" CONTNTMENT in his HUMBLE STATE.

" There—the lov'd monarch reigns ſecure,
" No FACTIONS fill his ſoul with dread;
" A SEVEN-FOLD ſhield of valiant SONS
" From dangers guard his ſacred head.

" And NOW—the exil'd ſons of France,
" Attach'd by GRATITUDE alone,
" With firm fraternal love ſhall form
" A glorious phalanx round his throne.

" In Britain—they protection found,
" When worn with toil—with fear oppreſs'd,
" Benevolence, with lib'ral mind,
" Their ſorrows ſooth'd—their wants redreſs'd.

" There—true religion's temple ſtands,
" At VARIOUS altars MILLIONS bend;
" O'er ALL—her heav'nly radiance beams,
" O'er ALL—her foſt'ring arms extend."

He ceas'd——for now with reſted oars
The boat long-ſide the veſſel drew;
The Emigrants——with loud huzzas,
Were welcom'd by the hearty crew.

Rapid they ſail from Gallia's coaſt,
Still to their hearts is Gallia dear;
Sighing, they take a long farewell,
Perhaps a laſt—and drop a tear.

They reach Old England's hoary rocks;
Joy——Peace and Plenty ſmile once more;
Grateful they ſee their ſuff'rings paſt,
And bleſs the hoſpitable ſhore.

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